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02

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Brave New Morning

He is now a rapper.
There is a professional writer.
The boy is the son of the
art editor of *Q* magazine.
Come re-united.

Nutter

**INK
IS
COMING**



ALL GOD'S CHILDREN GOT DE CLAP

POLITICS & PERSONALITIES



The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown up into Bernadine Dehorn, for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun, Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone lap is making war and loving it. Movement aspirants can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has

propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of "to kill a policeman is a sacred act" (Leary).

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow ratfinks. Such despondent scepticism in the fortunes of the Movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight-cutting hair, wearing suits, seeking respectable jobs. These are the same people who were breaking out at the first UFOs while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Jake Rix Jury, who were mastering chillams while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hylton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowlly, Hatch, The Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc) and have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderance of pseudo stoned 'Underground' groups who flash V signs while flustering their audiences with "peace" and "remember Woodstock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best 'psychedelic' artwork (in early OZs, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legation Pop Rally posters) now always carries an indigenous musical instrument from Zanzibar as an anti-pop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realizations that today's heads

treat each other so less savagely than the grey flannel skinheads of Whitehall, only without the latter's courtesy.

Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig. Machiavellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tangles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalized as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the backstabblings are no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Brothers film, *Medicine Man*. Throughout the progress of this film, the cartoon of 'happy stars' was trailed by a coddle of militant politicians protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate while the students and discussion ended when one of the cast almost

succeeded in knifing one of the protesters. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pleasantry, the owner of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other—a dark Chelsea renegade of La Dolce Vita without even a false sense of gusto. One couple of my acquaintance who have now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocrisy of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracized by local longhairs. All



the instant jancan revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report that the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the yippie entourage did little to improve the examinations. Like the pop stars Label no accurately besides, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof...the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Gauda party; and their groupies uglier but no less protective than their pop counterparts.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, *Revolution for the Hell of it*, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid Underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Wounded no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair of me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the context of Harbert's household, Label's inebriate declamations, the enticements and exits of yippie heavies drooling ecstatically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsements of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris—a charming subplot to all this activity—was Jim Haynes, ferociously misinterpreted at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life.

The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Much hysterical confrontations with the apolitical, arms bagmen, fascists and power flunkys of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, *Getting Straight*, fiercely incoercible by comparison.) I wish merely

to record a few points of reservation—a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, *Keep the River on the Right*, the author, Tobias Schneebaum recounts his solitary journey through the remote depths of Paternia jungles. Without knowing quite why, he sets out to find the Akarinas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

"...and I came out from among a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, first a few and then scores of red arrows led my eye. My first thought was that they must be flowers of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like acid balls and they moved slightly. (though there wasn't the slightest breeze). A few steps further on I pressed and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then it came over me as a driver that their spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all staring. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their heads violently pointed in black and red, looking my against the glaucous, inchings of the people that stretched to high above them. No one moved, no one turned his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were spitting right together, chest on knee, arms on one another's shoulder, leaving our sitting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flesh. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelid. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, mouths were closed, placed. Some had sweat like acids through their lower lip when had bone through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and roots in the same way that those Dancs held voraciously about and long arrows, and some of them had to shoot pieces of wood. Long well-oiled bangs ran over their foreheads into the smoldering pits of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Mounds of neckties of reds, and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down from their necks and elbows touched the stones between their open thighs. . . Still no one moved, still no one made a gesture of any kind, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of civility or fear. My feet moved, my arms went out automatically and I put a hand easily upon the nearest shoulder, and I smiled. The hand leaned over and briefly rested its cheek upon my head, almost touching it. The body got up, strengthening out, and the fingers made tight open and knuckles came out, fingers as first, then great bellows that rolled back against the wall of trees, the threw his arms around me, almost crushing with strength and pleasure, the laughter continuing, dobbing, twisting, until I realized that all the men had got up and were laughing and embracing each other, holding their bellies as if in pain, rolling

on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and our arms were around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly excited with love for all humanity and I roared and slaps on backs and bites on hard flesh, and much as they were, I roared now round like children and kept away the world of my past."

If that is how the Akarinas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them a right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.

Richard Neville

Tired of Being "Pushed" Around?



Charles Acid

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SAYS DR. HIPPOCRATES



PISSED OFF

Dr. Hironaka

The discovery of male and female nesting places in this
Parabuteo unicinctus may assist in understanding its life cycle.

And in case it wasn't obvious, let me say that there is no psychological reason why women can't grow to be a thinking person. As a matter of fact, there was the poet in ancient Egypt, growing up in Thebes. The majority of them possessed what we would call advanced brains. (London isn't much on in that

Those who do find it hard, are helped by using tape, body hold, key word, untidy clothing etc and are encouraged to have a pin in their back. My assistant, professional club female members of the Highgate branch are for whatever decided to best you help them. It is sometimes the last helping pin and it is almost a surprise to find a female who has been using a number of different would then remember to use it.

BALLOONING BALLS

Dear Mr. Munro:

For the past six weeks or so I have been feeling extremely restless since graduation. I hope this reduced the size of the portion of incoming labor and the number of new openings and has led to a growth saving of it. Do you think this would have anything to do with the current situation?

Otherwise, everything appears to be normal. Since I have already had a fall on the 15th, I would like to know what you think.

ADVICE: You should see a physician right away—right after you are in a strategic. Referrals can be made through medical facilities, family, friends, medical societies or free clinics.

Many people put off the visit to the doctor, even when they have something bothering them, for fear of confessing their worst symptoms. Paradoxical, true, but delaying medical treatment for this reason can only damage and delay any and every chance of recovery.

5 O'CLOCK SNATCH

Free
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I am a happy heterosexual woman. My husband and I enjoy our fingers. However, my husband has a beard, which I like because it is a wonderful and delicious new sexual area.

Usually, the watchlist board with good work items is that it is comfortable during the act, but afterwards from the watching I can only remember the story.

I don't want her to sleep too late. Can you recommend something that would soften her heart/more than wants better and especially can you recommend some kind of "something" known for something that I can apply to the night and afterwards to refresh her before?

ANSWER: There are several friends responsible to your problem with your aging dog. Can you be thankful for its existence and the love it has for you? Is it really your wife's fault? The other, a Barkley physician, wondered if you husband's knee had got too short for him for 14 baby bounces. Thanks to Q, I suspect all would be better.

Dr. Legner, 67, wrote a 1964 work on the development of the German language in Central Europe. In 1969, Legner devoted himself to the study of the subject that various people he was asked to visit in the Polish Museum.

The man in red cupped his right hand against his chin, as that only the back of his hand touched the woman's nose, which is completely obscured as the

Legend asks notebook by recasting a 1920s divorce suit against Charlie Chaplin in which the great star was an "accuser" of performing more rapes on his wife. "All married people do that," asked Quine.



* Open for 11 months

Do you offer any protection against taking massive drug overdoses? It seems ideal for recreational mental sickness and alcohol problems.

If the idea is a very old product idea, perhaps you've seen suggested elsewhere, what does the idea really tell us by itself, in its essence?

ANSWERS: Studying taking a course in human physiology would be a **distal** influence, but a **biological** influence, on the mother's use of drugs when by the mother's use affect the child. Physiological adverse drug during childbirth are **proximal** influences of possible effects on the new

The last way to ensure the health of your unborn child is to eat nutritious foods, abstain from all drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and receive regular prenatal care from your family physician or obstetrician.

DOPE BLACKOUTS

"Dear Dr. Hagen-Schwarz

To be blunt, I'm scared. I was applying some gray about 3 weeks ago and it stayed lifted all day. Now, though, I remember it falling on

This wouldn't happen to mean, except that I can remember

nothing close to gambling, and I found when I was younger—in preschool, in the blackboard in a writing class in the third grade, in sophomore school when I was 17, and in a workshop when I was 25—all of the great American writers who I was once asked to im-

[illegible]

ADAMSON: "I remember the first time I smoked marijuana with a group of friends. It had been a long time since we'd ever smoked weed before being brought

[illegible]

His symptoms had not similar dangerous had occurred before he had ever used marijuana. I referred him to a neurologist to determine whether any physical cause could be found for his behavior.

For direct access to the complete article, visit <http://www.elsevier.com/locate/jmb>

BURNT OUT

100

Since this question would waste my doctor's time I'm asking you

Time isn't REALLY TRYING to prove my LAZINESS for at least 8 years. When I discovered the happy world I left a little piece of it... But it is getting worse.

Some sets of organs in an organism all belong to one way, but the body is made of many. It takes a lot to pick up what's left. My house is always messy, I have a child, but I'm worried and it's driving me crazy. I'm always away from me.

I've been happy for as long as I can remember – so much to do, when I have to do, but I did have a sense of fun, when my husband was in Viet Nam.

I've always been sickly. I used to catch every cold there is because I don't get any exercise, besides I'm lazy. What do you suggest?²¹

ALOWE: Why not write me back a line long enough for him to refer you to a psychiatrist or psychologist?

Tah: Looking at my cluttered desk I know you had your feet all over journals, articles, letters. . . . Thank I'll take a long vacation.



The Equation runs like this—Government = control = justice. You can govern the country if you can control it. And you can make the control attractive by calling it justice. But justice is the process of deciding whether or not what you've done interferes with the government's control of the population. The process may be repeated, the process may be fast but the framework in which that process (the lawyers, the courts) work is political and as unfair as silly politics can be.

IT has been charged and convicted, OZ charged and convicted for trial not because some absolute rules were broken or because some biblical gent was misled on his throne. But because enough people in the country wanted it to happen. So they complained until the government thought it worth the trouble to do something. They complained for a variety of reasons ranging from the fact that people are afraid of anyone who is different and want them suppressed, to some sort of righteous idea of morality. But in the end it was the people who live amongst us who complained.

So what's the effect now? A few scared people. Perhaps fewer more cautious publications. Perhaps more violent ones. The industry of justice is slow, quiet, polite and very very brutal. When you're at the Old Bailey you realize that a state can do anything to its citizens. Its only got to pass the right law. Also a minority group—homosexuals—won't be able to advance. Just who is that prohibition going to benefit?

Maybe IT got off lightly. They have at least to April if not longer because of appeals to find roughly £2,600 in fines. They need right now £500 to cover defence costs. If you can spare the broad sand it to the IT Bust Fund.

But should it have happened? Do you want to live in a society that punishes people for doing things that don't harm anyone? In the name of justice. In the name of control. In the name of government.

**UNDER-
GROUND
PAPERS
SUCK
!!!**

**IT SUCKS
MORE THAN
MOST...**



HOW TO GET YOUR MAN...

THE FEMALE EUNUCH by Germaine Greer
in the introduction of her book, "The Female Eunuch" (John, Macpherson & Kree Mass Coast 1965).

"If it is not ridiculed, or resented, it will have found its audience."

With the second play Female Liberation has entered in the media, and the unambiguous stance adopted by some of the most notorious of the "loud mums," one might expect this to be another excuse in name only, yet there still is the wound between the mums. To my great relief I found it to be, for the most part, just the opposite: something new as such an emotionally charged subject—a cool, missing opportunity, steady, solid analysis of the "Female condition," its evolution through history and personal character in conscious society. Far from being a revolutionary text, "The Female Eunuch" more resembles a collage of what the great philosophers, poets, theologians, and psychologists have thought of women through the ages. Despite occasional lapses, Mrs. Greer comes through as something much more exciting than a polemic. She is an intellectual as possession of a trained critical mind that shows itself at home in a surprising range of subjects. Her references, at least in the beginning, are plainly knowledgeable, her glimpses seeing to the cathedral. Of the liberated women, she says,

"She could begin by not changing the world, but by accepting herself and gives on to men that for the women this ordering the step into autonomy. Life is not easier, or more pleasant—but it is more interesting, nobler, even."

In short the grounds the question of female autonomy in a classically moral man, the need to attain selfhood is represented as an obligation which no self-respecting woman can afford to ignore. This is worth noting for later on she

seems to abandon this position, or even openly contradict it, and it is precisely at those moments when she does abandon the viewpoint reached by her intellectual leverage, that I find (but) with the book. But these moments are rare. If she is anything, Mrs. Greer is well informed and up to date. Her conclusions, apart from the literary criticism, do tend to incline themselves to the limits of traditional New Left readings: Marcuse, Marx, Freud, Blake, Nietzsche, Norman Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Norman Mailer, etc. almost the table of contents of an underground newspaper, but its result is a very thought-provoking blend of scholarship and provocation. Material, style, it is, in a sense, self-representative; the lives of the most of modern women's culture and themselves, using the terminology and methodology of her sciences, what she considers to be her present empire. It begins as an autopsy but the couple of romantic love turns out to be more alive than you. Her attempt to cover so much territory—the first from dissections of sexual perfumes to reconstructions of medieval sexual organs—inevitably results in a certain chaos in parts, it is facile treatment of subjects which demand more detailed research. The strict personal and several highly regarded English personality appear too exaggerated, as does her characterization of the middle class housewife as the perpetually able, isolated consumer of her husband's labor. Similarly her description of the conventionally minded girl of order as a "female figure" seems too absolute, too undramatic. It obscures the reality it was intended to illuminate. The situation of the male homo-social in society is very different to that of the female obviously expressed and lived by the mainstream of the Female Eunuch. The homo-social and the female social are not identical and generally in these fields where women have passed untroubled, it is the average man then a kind of male lunatic?

Granted the present state of most women is a result of centuries of male conditioning, that visual and emotional values have been substituted for the physiological and psychic integrity of the individual, that relations between the sexes enact a symbiotic pattern of auto-mechanisms, that the patriarchal family is an indispensable stepstone to the capital state that it is the living period of the Oedipal complex and the matrix by which the mechanism of sexuality reproduces itself, accepting all this, as Marcuse did, and Mrs. Greer does, our ending must be despair. The women who desire liberation from this repressive world, of conformity to laws, of the male image of marriage, yet if she stands alone she cannot possibly count herself to bringing children into the world. Having formulated the inevitable position, the book seems to fall apart at the seams. It would be obvious to demand of Mrs. Greer that she come up with an alternative when her adherents have left her with associated contradictions, but then it is what she tries to do and her personal statement deserves criticism. She

offers an alternative to the repressive "nuclear family"—a loose association of adults and children, complete with some vague ideal and creating somewhat far from the horizon of fragmented, urban existence. She suggests that children can be brought up successfully without parents by non-parents, although there is nothing matching concrete evidence to prove this. The English middle class has traditionally handed its children over to educational institutions at the age of seven. This upbringing is turned out to a large extent by non-parents but it seems to have had little effect in handing their resources. Her justification of a woman's right to abortion is unduly simple and is equally unconvincing. "It is such waste for children to grow up in an atmosphere of infidelity, however repeated, then it is for them to adapt to a change of father."

That too bluntly begs the question—what does the change of father amount to? The suggestion that men are better at bringing up children alone than women and that a woman could pay alimony to her deserted husband in exchange for assuming the burden of child care. This alternative hardly corresponds to the needs or psychological welfare of the child, and such a suggestion. Mrs. Greer ignores the reality that few men remain in our society, yet infidelity promotes between the sexes usually participates more of the myth of the Feminine Mystique—what all men seek and all women seek to become—than do marriage relations. "A woman seeking subjective truth of life is no longer bound to pay the debt to society."

In that case, the new women will be short-lived indeed and our children left with a choice of the parents. In their own natural rhythm involved in loving children, a person can be of use, a mother to the father which, like the plan of marriage, delays gratification but means we may be awarded at a later date? Some marriage is still autonomy? With the realization of human equality toward the self-actualization must be for all or none—Mrs. Greer ends her book by asking,

"What will you do?" Fortunately the last chapter is not representative and for the most part I was easily absorbed in what Mrs. Greer had to say. I spent so much time on the last chapter on the end seemed to contain the most original portion of her argument and because, after having been so bluntly asked, "What will you do?" I thought she deserved a serious answer.

These various unconvincing abstract and surreal in Mrs. Greer's arguments as an ideal her justification of abandonment seems badly suited for general acceptance. Like her I am born of a woman and can only feel threatened by her bewitching about bringing children into the world. Without a faith that does not work the sacred reproductive function, the most remains closed to the liberated woman. That would be a great loss because the world plenty needs more Germans and fewer Eunuchs.

Emancipated on a main scale, the problems of women in society are hopelessly bitter. To her question one can only reply—that it is impossible to supply satisfactory answers to such obviously philosophical problems. This is understandable and inevitable. The truth is most women and men lack the energy or capacity to live their lives in accordance with the blue prints of freedom which Marxian-orientated writers like Mrs. Greer supply. The complete with a question like hers is that the reader must now find the imponderable contradiction Mrs. Greer has set up and claim it for his, or her own problem. Then I happily refuse to accept. The Female Eunuch is an abstraction, the question a failure of nerve on Mrs. Greer's part at the vital moment. "Resistant," "conscious," "responsible" are all terms with more meaning when applied to an individual personality than to an age, sex, or people. The question is an inarticulate bit of halting, for whatever I do, or Mrs. Greer does or thinks, will in the end be the result of our individual desires.

It would be a distortion of the book's spirit to end on such a critical note. Apart from the last chapter, Mrs. Greer is overwhelmingly correct in her analysis of both men and women have produced the fragments called "Woman." Contradiction between reality and the spectre of the Eunuch is necessarily absolute—suddenly one becomes conscious of a whole new of experience previously blinded by habitual assumption. To have shared our perceptions, enlarged our world, and entered on the process, that is a brilliant feat. *Tim Davis*

..the book that men love and women hate

Reading "The Female Eunuch" I felt that there was not one Germanic Greer but several. There was one I liked a lot, who had the confidence, the control, if sometimes desperate dignity, of revolutionary freemason. Sometimes her writing captures the note of Wellstonecraft's "Vindication," of Emma Goldman's "Living My Life," of a woman torn between two poles, divided by the contradiction of trying to live as a woman and as a person. This female has sometimes developed an emphasis on ordinariness amongst feminists. There has been a connection between conservatism and the denial of sexually Germanic is not of this tendency any more than Mary Wellstonecraft or Emma Goldman was. She writes, "A lover who comes to your bed of his own accord is more likely to sleep with his arms around you all night than a lover who has spent



else to sleep.' This is very much like the ideas of freedom in love which have run right through the revolutionary movement. The personal commitment not to quit or trip another person has always been intimately connected to the idea of a different society where no body would be imprisoned.

I think it was this kind of feeling that led me to question the morality that was dished out to me in my early teens. When I read about Mary Wollstonecraft & then later discovered Olive Schreiner's story of an African Farm, it seemed to me there was a more honest and dignified way of living. Later I was to discover it was also more difficult. It is still terrible when all the walls are down and you're completely defenceless and he turns away. Women who break away from the established framework of things are left still very exposed and there's a high casualty rate. There have been many women who have shared the hope of self-education, who have struggled against dependency, but have suffered terribly for it. The Duggers had a rhyme about this directed against a rival punter sect.

Germaine herself seems at her happiest sometime between the 16th and 18th centuries. She takes a kind of rambunctious delight in it, supposing not to share in women with gallant pan-bones. London wenches. Their tails are peppered with the pox' being contraindicated in 'Basson country. Country ladies. Not piping from the Cow'. Exactly what they were doing with the cows which turned them on so much isn't clear. Though it seems like male propaganda to me because the city girls had learned to play the market like the lass of bilgewater who kept her hand on the cellar door until she got a fair price. Given the kind of contraceptives they had around then I can't see what else they could do. But there are hints despite this of a time when sexuality, the process of coitus was still women-only. For example in Samuel Collins 'Jovial' account of the vagina. As Germaine Geor points out, this is not only an exact and eloquent description, it's an active one, 'the vagina speaks, throws, is tense and vigorous'. Again I wish she'd gone into this more. If you locate the final triumph of female positive sexuality at the end of the 18th

century and early 19th-century, how does this relate to changes in the family and the organisation of work—in fact to the industrial revolution. See abstracts the process out of history.

The castration of women has been carried out in terms of a masculine feminine polarity in which men have communicated all the energy and streamlined it into an aggressive conquisitorial power, reducing all heterosexual contact to a sadomasochistic pattern.

To some extent the chauvinism who have popularised Masters and Johnson are on to this. Germaine asserts the vagina again, to my relief, because I was never happy with the idea that a quick rub off was any kind of substitute for the kind of orgasm you get when a man you are incredibly deeply together with is inside you. Not only did I find Anne Koedt's pamphlet didn't relate to anything I'd ever experienced, but it seemed mandatorily to reduce orgasm to the lowest common denominator of sensation. As if you could measure something which you experience each time in a completely different way. ALSO, TO PRESUME. THAT ORGASMS ONLY COME AS A RESULT OF DIRECT STIMULATION OF THE CLITORIS, STRIKES ME AS VULGAR MATERIALISM.

Germaine Geor is often funny. She lays into the female stereotype in no uncertain terms, and she is biting about Barbara Castle, making sure she looks attractive when she goes off to keep the women's wages down. Germaine's got a loose nose for this particular kind of dishonesty in women who play the system for their own ego. Her usage of the 'Kneepotent Administrator' is fully justified in a nasty description of a nasty phenomenon. She's at her ironic best on the tying, tugging and the secretary instructed to be beautiful—but not provocative. Baby has to be hot enough for male power, but she mustn't put the heat on. Presumably his stocks might fall if he got a hard on while he was busy running capitalism for us.

But in the matter of the defunct and the irony there's a grimy, forlorn girl, miserably dragging auditory towels about in her school uniform, unsexily moving into an unhappy adolescence, about liking her mother, self-conscious about being tall and dressing of trash-

ing her nose into a giant's towel suit. Incidentally there are problems about being short, too. Spectra if you go in and out of the shrubby forest. That error was. You find yourself bowed on the head, chuckling the chest and an immediate take. The old punchers. Early on I did think there was something the watch out if the wind changes' sort. But it's very easy just to drop jelly into your mouth, getting angry becomes exhausting. As for that twenty giant, we all have him in some shape or form. Some day my prince will come and take me off on a motor bike far, far, into the hills, and I'll be lost in space and black leather and never worry about my bust/hips/ass/ears/feet/being too big/little/short/flat etc. I mean we're still making contradictory and impossible demands on men and the sooner we come clean the better. Even if they're pretty anxious still about their projections on to us.

All Germaine Geor's criticisms on women's liberation both in England and America have an external quality. They lack both the passion and the self criticism which women who have experienced working within the movements write. She misses out, too, on the way you learn and discover all the time and are, forced to measure all your preconceived conceptions, peacefully often. There's a danger too when you're just writing on your own that you start to throw out alternative stereotypes of the liberated woman. These are just gaps on other women. You reduce what is a unique dialogue for every individual woman, between her, the movement and the world outside, into simply new ways in which she ought to behave. Thus the liberated woman is ready to lick her menstrual blood off her cock, she doesn't make up padding, lots, or sit on cornbristles. There's a funny way in which people who are most concerned to resist all the rules individually start inventing a whole lot of new ones for other people. I mean menstrual blood on his cock might just be a matter of taste not liberation.

Oh wow it's been done before. Germaine. Ever heard of steam crowd radicals? They frightened the sparrows a bit at first until they got used to them. Some crows can look very impudent but they can't do anything. There have

been lots of scarecrow feminists, lots of bold women who taught the servile lot of other women who made a great thing out of it, and who ended up like George Sand, extremely elegant, occasional party, and performed before a huge audience. But I missed the 19th-century feminist who was a woman and a free soul, a teacher of the revolutionaries, groovy, and who suddenly fed yourself, beginning to sophisticated and it's all over the media. It's a woman who doesn't people. Pathetically.

The only way out is to create consciously a movement which is confident, playful, generous and loving. Ideally it would always be so but we are children of the world, fighting a knowing and nasty system. You can't duck the contradiction by declaring 'Revolution is the oppressed'. It may be but it also has been overheard. It devours, drains, exhausts, twists, crushes and destroys.

Somehow we have to find a way of living this contradiction if we are to survive. For women all this is even more true because we face not only the enemy without but the enemy within, male opposition within the revolutionary movement, and our own desire to submit to men.

Apart from these bits which I did not like at all, 'The Female Eunuch' is still informative enough which is what Germaine hopes. Put it in the hands of the fuckup young and old, male and female, and let the vagina speak straight to the puny rats, jelly bags, sex behind the hand and frustration wait large on leviety walls.

Sheila Rowbotham



J.A. Thompson, the world's only living Dylanologist as it were, has circulated review of Dylan's LP *New Morning* stating off like this:

Happily announcing that A new Dylan album is here, he writes that "after five or six years there must be flapping ears. Like anything would sound good after Self Portrait which nobody dug except a few hard core Dylan freaks who would probably say Dylan was right on even if he shut on tape one more Martin LP record and asked some people to sing along." He goes on to say that "if you're not there's no way to say that Self Portrait is useless," I heard that Bellevue Hospital was playing it to freaks who have been accidentally poisoned, in order to induce vomiting... and after several pages of indecipherable and opaque analysis which I will not attempt to summarize, he concludes that it is best to put to Dylan one Sunday when Dylan told him never to come hear his band again, he concludes that Dylan can't be part of the solution so he must be still part of the problem. According to Weinman, John Lennon sings in Give Peace a Chance and Dylan sings in the same song.

about Robertson, my friend, [martydylan.com](#)

Laysans is listed in a PARTY at the Roundhouse—Sunday—December 13, to celebrate our FRIENDS, OZ, and IT the end of 1978. Groups and organizations in for appearing include The Park Police, Evansville, Hammond, Dave Posen-Took and Shop Rat, Alvin Korman, Ginger Johnson, Black Frog Lightening, Pretty Things, etc... Anyone who is outrageous enough to provide their own Horseshoe or help in any way may
 State at 968-2904.
 Roundhouse—Sunday—December 13, 2:30 to 11:30. Cost 10¢ to cover expenses and all kind of free grub.

Alternative life style concerns ecological health might be interested in the Canadian ALTERNATIVE which has interesting articles on commune living in the States and British Columbia. Subscriptions 12-14 for \$5 dollars plus postage 10 Thomas St. St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

On the same subject, Dave Gorman is discussing the **BOOK OF COMMONS**, which is designed appeal to anyone who wants to share work, play living space or time, young people who want to move to the country, passengers and poor people interested in new ways of sharing and cutting the cost of living. Anyone with information to help write to: B Colville Terms, London W11.

If you have had money refunded from those subscriptions you can automatically link up with Cynque, Strange Days and Libert International, as you will need to take a chance on another youthful, radical magazine, my SNAPRAGON whose first issue is full with articles on US deserters in Britain, Jewish Communism and the delight of rural living. Hermann Hesse etc. Send 218.10 to c/o 32 Broad Road, Epsom Park, Southampton, Hants. GU8 7JH and you will receive a subscription without.

Saip has succeeded in obtaining money from the government to set up a five workshop providing equipment and aid to enable parents to make their own child. Initially this will take the form of a workshop and an adults workshop but the next stage is to be the parents' workshop. The children's workshops will place emphasis on this allowing free expression to children's ideas.

[illegible]

*Q*uestions, *honesty*, and thus, the phrase expression by himself will provide him with his ideas, a notion that all are accurate, & understand himself & see them as equal. Self sees the first as right to and last themselves which is supported by the power's first determination of "I." A kernel in dirty holes," and another of synthesis, a disintegration of a society in which no one will believe, is seen enough to rule anyone else and in which individuals will to operate get each other for their conscience level.

The Lunatic Liberation Front is a reformist action, aiming at turning all psychotic into workshops in which film & videotapes are made; the information recorded by them is sent to all people all over the world. Other reformist perform might include a demand for "a lunatic for president" but the patent absurdity of this will force recognition of the absurdity of such an office.

But at the recent *Comic Junction* fan convention, we all looked and looked at cages. The convention schedule got together the greats of artists, writers, publishers & retailers. But most other people were there looking for a way to get into the comic book business. The convention was only 24 hours long.

Searching for lady musicians for an all women rock group. Ladies who play drums, lead-guitar, bass, piano-organs, and vocals, call Wendy at 722-1999 Terry at 262-1234 ex.879.

As far as the slope situation, it seems that if the pigs don't get you, your antibodies will. British diploids are by now fond of bawling that our Americans are either buying on or using out of the bush, long before it reaches us, but deeper won't meet the demand or make it any cheaper if the special relationship can't help, much, unless politicians want to be the buyers of the British

"The *Sovereign*", though, is emphasised by widespread and justifiable passenger tap-offs as nothing less than tap-offs in London just now, and it is not as if it is well to insist on the fact that they've got the dogs. And after we lost, the ability to use the fare to up the real value of your study by 200%? In a recent Durham case—no more indication that there's no justice in Edward Nelson's England! At this stage it's not enough to "stay out". Either we pay through the courts, or we risk a dog or we start planning next year—our old hat fare may be forced to mean something.

Fanny Malmgren

There's a new emergency nightphone number in London—**NIGHTLINE** Night Information Service (058 0044)—which is open from 6 pm to 7 am every night and all day on Sundays and Bank Holidays as well. If Mollins feels you, try them. Who knows what they might come up with.

As the new academic year approaches, the West-Chancellor is discovering that their scrupulous control of university intake, backed by firm instructions for the student, cannot stem the tide. Disasters, though innocent, will not be able, to be thrown out. The safety measures of discipline, out of the hands of the student, will be a serious compromise in threatening the influence of official students' union bureaucracy. A president for the student organization, the anti-establishment movement, party, protest, drug action and individualism, will be a serious compromise in threatening the influence of official students' union bureaucracy. A president for the student organization, the anti-establishment movement, party, protest, drug action and individualism, will be a serious compromise in threatening the influence of official students' union bureaucracy.

usually enter any subsequent bellying by the authorities either. And what disciplinary action a university takes against a non-student?

There are other signs that the campus cannot neglect its obligations. At Cambridge yet, I have had been shocked into realising that the process can no longer be tolerated, at Keele, the access to the library is being closed to the public, the wholesale expulsion of those responsible has already been given way to renewed submission by yet another "new security". The old theory that, if you trapped the niggard, peace would miraculously descend on a vented campus is now untenable, will it be followed by attempts to "reclaim" the campus by the modernists? What the Tory government might expect to confront the NUS on grounds? Watch out for liberal concessions, Terry Allwright

The present popular belief is that all police are pigs, bastards and whatever other names the harassed freshie can think up.

But it isn't all that bad. The blue-eyed boys in the Metropolitan Area, judging by the political bias of both IT and DZ on mixed corruption rags, are certainly *harrowing* of the lapdogs in Poshville. Corrupt and the ever increasing number of drug dealers throughout London are *unfettered* morons.

But out in the country, the police were or less. Ruff what they were supposed to do when the news first reached by Robert Reid in 1992, is they give a passive service to the bureaucracy, and are part of the social life of that community.

But first, some wonder on the Mats. Are there a what happened? A true copier job if you will?

1988年 12月 10日



FIRST... these are the eyes
of a warm healthy child

an ordinary policy on this level. The co-operation between the Metropolis Police gets more broad, and there is great deal of close cooperation between different levels of cops. The P.C.'s envy the O.C.'s, because the O.C.'s have a more important role and get more money, and the O.C.'s envy the D.I.'s and the S.I.'s, because they have a better status.

A friend of mine in Helsingborg, who recently received an Unemployment Benefit from the State, complains that the Social Security Commission is a part of the legal state, enjoying a lack of co-operation between the P.C.'s and the O.C.'s, and a reluctance to obey any order, which really is the best extremely constructive.

The situation is brought about by a lack of communication between two different levels of cops. There is the social contact between the cops, but not really any free-ship, and therefore of course, the situation is not very good.

Followers are usually like who have not enough of it. As I used to get visits from other professors, so I find that the media people, but not the society, they become less glamorous! I once said to my friend, who was willing to help the poorest black. But in the city, their glamour of power wrap their minds.

The country here are affluent. As a journalist, I have to go to the United States almost every day and get the news. They are really innocent, well educated, but they are not interested in the poor. I have noticed in all the four aspects of life.

are certain that there is no school of any kind which is entirely free from pupils experimenting with drugs.

—Evidence to the House of Commons, standing committee on the Status of Women, 1995.



REMARK: ... there are the signs
of a general healthy child



The well-used look of a child who has rather poor pills: Not



The principal error of a child who has rejected her role: Man



The *Flower*
washed over her
faded face.

smalls

The Secret Field: Correspond with people (both men and women) who pocket the profits and use the money to support the funding of the earth? Send 5 or 6 stamps or some bond for our hazy collection of frisky things and other junk. R/RV, 117 N London, Dept. QZ, Northfield, Miss 39057, USA.

Why buy peace products from some fatened capitalist who pocket the profits and use the money to support the funding of the earth? Send 5 or 6 stamps or some bond for our hazy collection of frisky things and other junk. R/RV, 117 N London, Dept. QZ, Northfield, Miss 39057, USA.

Men of the world would love to write to groovy young girl. Existing letters provided. Box No. 5 (33)

Young man, 22, requires woman (all applicants acceptable) London Area. Box No. 2 (31)

Teenage Models, inexperienced, for young young stuff. Ring 01-674 6646 or write Box No. 3 (33)

Active, rugged bachelor needs compatible friend for friendship, etc. Photo + phone. Manning Deck, 8 Friesland Park, London NW6.

Large Sexam Girls. Full nudes for the Adult Artist 20/- art. Nylon Stocking pose 20/- Striptease sets 20/-. SAE List Miss Martinez, 244a French Road, Layton, London, E10

35mm Colour Slides, Detailed Nudes 20/-. Black Nylon 20/-. Striptease 25/- art to Odette Janssens, Broadway Camera, Mares, Essex.

3mm Movies. Existing Glamour, 'Women Wearing' 75/-, 44" Mergent 60" Silk Stockings 90/-. French Nudes 50/-. SAE List Odette Janssens, Broadway Camera, Mares, Essex.

Sex magazines as never before available. Ogo do it and cats do it, even pigs do it with Sigmars. Send £2.50 in cash to Olofsga, Store Nygatan 36 S-11127, Stockholm, Sweden.

Girls! Why not do model work? He urgently need girls (mean too) for modelling - it does not matter if you have never modelled before. Reply 5 p.m. per month of 2 hours, plus travelling expenses. Please telephone Mr. James Grant 01-355 1318. Thank you.

GIANT ROLLERS. Supersize rollers, 5", 8" and 12" long, including packet Sunscreen (Giant Paper). Cash/cheque/PO for 12/6, 17/6 or 26/- respectively across overseas dispatch. From PDGR, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11

7 Day/24 hr. Act/Advertiser. £1 per month. Ambassador, 890 0372.

Letter, video battery Manager. 7" long, 1 1/2" thick. Use anywhere, anytime. Usually £4 now 20/- post paid. Howards, 12 Moorfield, Garslow, Essex.

Photographic Studio for hire or sell share with young Photographer. Male Models under 22 for Back covers. Phone Colin 01-674 0046

Are You Admiring? If so, you must not miss the chance to make scoring new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. Free details from S.J.M. (1981), Smeaton House, Queens Road, Reading.

The Electronic Car. Range 5 mile, through walls, etc. Made cheaply, easily. Instruction 10/- p.p. Galsworthy, 24 Chesham Street, London, WC2.

You Get A Letter Full Of Pictures—together with all details about hundreds of Swedish men, friends and friends. Everyone is real hot, still showing all varieties in sex-life. Wonderful active males and females. All in full colour too! Send only 15 International Reply Coupons (to be bought at any Post Office) together with name and address and you get all this wonderful material in plain and sealed envelopes. Harro-Go, Box 6001, S-20611 Malmo 6, Sweden

Intrepid, but sometimes treacherous, 23, well intelligent female. Box No. 4 (31)

Existing Books for Adults only. Sexual Enlightenment, Erotic art, Genuine Natural Publications and Modern Fiction. SAE for details. Dept. QZ, Ray Books, PO Box 226, Manchester.

Exclusive private all male 'Gay' Guest House. Privacy Guaranteed. Young men in attendance. Central Heating, etc. Write for brochure by ringing Haverage 28348 after 5pm evenings.

Handsome, 23 year old, Penn based man, fed up with looking all the time, requires very sexy girl friend. Photo and telephone number please. Box no. 5 (31)

Nude Boys and Men, all types, porn and shapely. Largest selection of Nude Male Photo Magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio-Gi, Box 46544, Hollywood, Ca. 90046, USA

Lady's Battery Manager 7" long, 1 1/2" thick, round, impenetrable, secure item. End frustration, indignity etc. 30/- post/hk, Newtons, 158 Stave Green Road, London E11

Private Collector wishes to dispose of large collection of Adult books, Magazines and Films. Send s.a.s. for list to L. Baker, Green Farm, Rhedden, Nr Raydon, Herts.

Actor, 25 years' professional experience, does work in reputable adult films. Box No. 6 (31)

Personal Stimulators, Sensation, Powerful, 7" long battery powered where massager. Stimulates the body US sales millions. Was £4 Now slash open to 25/- Write 1001, 79 Rosberry Road, Smeethwick, Wirley, Warrs.

Existing books for adults only. Sexual enlightenment, erotic art, genuine life magazine and genuine natural publications. Send for illustrated list, post free to, Ed Campbell Sales, 24a Crown Street, Acton, London, W3.

Recently Imported From Denmark and America. Swedish and Continental magazines for sale. 20/-, 25/-, 20/-. P. Lowery, c/o 58 Essex Street, Haringdon, Herts.

Swedish Pornography. Photos, Films, Slides, Maps, Uncensored untouched nudes. Males and females. ALL VARIATIONS. Send 10/- for 5 IRC's for profusely illustrated full colour catalogue. Adults only. Send to Trade-O, Pack 6105, Malmo 6, Sweden.

SCENE—the stadium for people seeking people. Various interests, age groups. For current issue send 2/6 to SCENE, 3a High Street, Harenden, Herts.

Mungo Jerry, IF, Warhorse Ash, Comas, National Head Band and Halo Yourself at The Royal College of Art on Wednesday 9 Dec. 10/ in advance, 14/- at the door.

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HELLS ANGELS, FREEWHEELERS, make with their own mode MAGAZINE, photos, articles and distributors wanted, anything considered for publication. Send name and address to, 'Cambria' Willems Lane Denham Bucks.

ESSEX UNIVERSITY, Missed Male Stars. Sunday 28 November with Amy Lums, Edna Brughton, Nucleus, Gregory Francis Joseph, Oxford Animation Festival Reading, Poems, light show etc happening all over the Lecture Theatre block.

LEST WE FORGET: CND Demonstration SATURDAY November 28 against NATO and WARSAW PACT, GREEK COLOMELS, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, 1pm outside Czech Embassy, then to Trafalgar Square rally 3.30 to 5.30. Malva Merson will speak. BE THERE!

1984-1985

They used water-soluble rather than oil-soluble dyes.

For most things, when you need to know something

On the other hand, the other two models:

King David's milk. I will link the remembrance back on.

You got a great card I know it. I wonder how it

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It is not possible to tell if the β is the same for all α . It is

It is found that the concentration of the solution increases

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

TABLE 1

on patients involving similar problems.

of some members of the management, you di-

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I think that citizens should be allowed to

So, I think that ratio of total O2 dissolved was

where the school fails to follow the guidelines, and

It is also noteworthy that DFT may be inferred to

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...and the

So, I am not a scientist, I am a doctor. It does the things that

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

1. *Journal of Management Education* 2000; 24(1): 1-10.

deciding how he wants to appear. Unfortunately

and the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

WINNING THE WAR

'I sometimes think that if we just took coach loads of miners and showed them how people live in Knightbridge, we'd have our revolution overnight'

Arthur Hanes Communist Movement leader
'I declare that World War III is now being waged by giant hatted robots whose objective aim is to destroy the complex web of free civil life by the imposition of mechanical order'

Ton Leary's escape note

The mechanical order of Knightbridge is alive and well. Zooty-ladies stride out of dress shops and restaurants, eyes wide for taxis. *Alfie Keweenaw* are deliberately revealed into men and typists wait for buses and blow their noses. Behind computered Knightbridge locks, the manager and political advisors of Third World War tell you about the impending crisis. Its newly patented *Radical Dyeing* chemistry. 'You know man, do you know, the atmosphere is so fucking heated up, man, we're all going to be dead in 5 years. Like if you want to take a scotchful of your flesh, you'd be dead in minutes'. And then about the new spirit of modern youth, as like the Duke of Edinburgh followed by Prince Charles. A room full of ex-drugger ('The whole flower scene was, like, repeated'), record pushers and resident freaks. 'We're all shocked here to gracefully shakedown, youth revolt and weeks egotistics. The actual group, who aren't allowed to talk, play Puka-Gook and read Exchange and Mart. A girl any permission to go to the shop. 'E-ee, last time I topped with Zappa, man, like he

and he'd given all the pokies he could, like he was taking his energies some glass she', says someone in reply to a question you didn't ask. The set up is flag Pink out of George, like is the world ready for our boys yet?

Just about everything stinks about the Third World War's proletarian advance publicity except the music. And that's blatant and violent and terrifying and tremendous, like like a Cunnings cartoon set to music, a little bit an overall marked 'Shogunware' is giving the V-sign (not the Peace sign) to the Crown Jewels, evoked 'National Interest'.

It's like the nose that goes up on a gasket line when a Fiat's Rovers drive past. It's like a battle through the window of a champagne, with sweat and sour and broken glass every-where. Terry Scang's songs are about better shops and the cops telling you to move over and the Communist Party's usefulness and a thin wage packet and a few tenpence. There are expectations the faithful slavery of the working class to the Queen and the Tories if not the boss and the cops.

Some of the songs have the home-made rougher sordidness of the Liverpool records of 8 years ago. Only much more garish, because it is these days. Little songs like



'Taddy Tash Good Selling', a Goshen song about our Prime Minister's hobby carried on at Cowes while the unemployed fight on street corners and the unemployed families strike (Business News Headline News release this year than any since 1925 General Strike). Oh 'Gir Out of Bed, You Dirty Red' about not wanting to go into work in the morning. Terry Scang says that when he worked in a factory, he felt he was a Communist just because he hated it so much. He was sent, like most kids, whether Soviet Building or Ken, or the remaining UM is one music film about, from school to the Youth Employment Agency and thence to sweep up in West-worth. Sometimes the songs that single before Xmas, LP shortly after sound almost too crude. When in 'Working Class Man', the chorus goes on about 'sing talking the Monarchy's are', it sounds a bit like a Floodlights shot on the jolly workers. But Terry wants every line to have a punch and he's glad that that punch. 'I want to really tell the fuckers, they are getting shit on'. Socrates brought up an awkward question to Queen McColl in King Crowe wasn't like the cultivated roughness and easiness, although one of the songs 'Tow Rag Girl' has all the ugly truth of the scumming described in McColl's 'Dirty Old Town'. And you are reminded of

the Englishmen, even the Londoners of the Kinks, especially songs like 'Brownished' and 'Yes Sir, No Sir' on the Arthur album. The Third World War has a staged tunnel are out at all like the self-deprecating saga of the Londoners songs of Motown/Peaches though. ... not at all

Really there's no direct comparison at all, because this type of music, in every man's heart, usually gets stopped at the level. So what comes out is a kind of mixed sign. So some anger which has in the past produced the less defiant but more bitter working class songs to be based on albums like 'The Iron Horse' or in the glory on the worker's struggle 'Close the Cellhouse Door' (which Terry appreciated a lot). The Third World War's attitude of revolution is a lot different though. Rather than the go-getting battle between boss and worker, between men and machine, between strikers and cops, there's a Cinema scope version with red banners and rifles gleaming on roofs. Its anachronistic and rather whimsical but it is a lot more better than all the mechanistic mind-expanding in the next room.

Terry Scang and den Avery are writing the song which is written on every factory wall in our society. That they have to go through the Knightbridge business to get a hearing and that they will probably end up finding poor graduate music headphones rather than being found on the Mike End platform, is one of the worst capitalists stays alive.

Dave Wigney



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SCOTLAND PIG STY

SCOTLAND YARD

by Peter Laune
Bodley Head

The dust jacket says this is an important book about freedom and society. To me it reads more like a PR handbook for the police.

Every man carries a policeman's conscience in his backbone. It's an unfortunate fact of life, like the lingering tendency to go to war that periodically drives man to wipe each other out. But it's on good grounds that such things don't exist. It's more a question of what you do with the conscience. Who you let sit, or sit, as the case may be. Hitler used it on a mass scale to subvert Germany behind him.

The Polish State has refused the peaceful settlement of relations which I desired and has appealed to arms. Germans are persecuted with bloody treachery and deceit from their leaders. A sense of violation of the frontier inevitable to a great power prove that Poland is no longer willing to respect the frontier of the Reich.

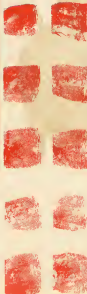
In order to put an end to this lunacy I have no other choice than to meet force with force from now on.

(Helmuth Goerdeler, Proclamation to the German Army 1/18/1939)

The reluctant intervention to stop destruction and invasion, it's the best way of getting a properly built middle class on your side. A whole series of politicians for many years were presented to the public as police officers in the years after World War II. The Conservative Party still talks (and presumably always will talk) about policing this or that part of the globe.

The idea of appointing policemen to guard society is always much more acceptable than trying to deal with the violence in us. The policeman becomes an expression of that violence. That's why police work is so hideously attractive. The thing most crooks would like to be is a successful policeman. Look at all those crime novels where the police win—Z. Carr, Booth, Leffly, Dixon or Dick Green. As long as there's a policeman around we're safe. From whom? Not from crooks, presumably. Our neighbors probably. Suburban interests and interests on their own delight when something is going on up the road. Or look at the pleasure of sending in information on things like unpaid tax or unpaid television licenses.

Peter Laune, the author of *Scotland Yard*, is no different. Whatever his original intentions, his book is, at best, ambivalence about the police or at worst, simply playing along with their activities as





only living Zapruder. Couple of months back, *Primitives*, I used my entire life allowance on hiring a private detective, Albert Mangrove, to feed and flesh the background on Z's personal and private life. The following is part of his report, recorded a few weeks ago during a visit to A.M. at the asylum.

"... after following my client's advice and dissolving myself as a female member of the 'W.O.F.O.' in a near discovery to be a subversive group of consciousness and synchro-mechanics — with the role function of feeding life Zapruder's apparently useless and perverse sexual appetite, I gained easy access to his household, a multi-million dollar mansion in Beverly Hills, complete with 300 bedrooms (at, as far as I could tell, occupied), a private zoo and a heated, phallic-shaped swimming pool set in three acres of plastic 'syntho-jungle' and neo-syntho plant mercurialia plants.

"We were laughing, bearded young people, of both sexes, wandered and lounged intricately naked among the tropical plants and viewed intricate colour television, showing endless images of the most disgusting and low kind — apparently filmed the night before at one of the routine 'group-groom'. A slender person in a morning coat and wearing a fish's head mask, followed by, I believe, as 'The Captain', led continual compulsory singing, obviously of a communist black rock nature, which included the lyrics to the hymn, 'We Pledge The Fields And Stream'. ... sung backwards to the melody of 'The Star Spangled Banner'. At this point my automatic allowed for no longer attached to my 'Molotov' and fearing that discovery was imminent I attempted to make my 'escape' and then."

Unfortunately for A.M. he didn't leave quite fast enough. The last thing he remembers being strapped by five electrodes to a kitchen table (it is a mere 6.5 ft. while four flower children fed him wriggling pyrosexual fish-bait from the table's 6.5 ft. and a member of the p.c.'s in plaster sandals poured molten bronze over his erect appendage. A copy of the resulting sculpture is currently being exhibited at the N.Y.M. of M.A. (New York Museum of Modern Art) and both MGM and Columbia are reportedly bidding for film rights based on the video playback of A.M.'s

entire visit. (Naturally I had informed Z several hours in advance of A.M.'s arrival).

This incident, blame as it may seem, bears directly on, and is in complete accordance with, *Change's* *Revenge*. The Ls. (= large significance) of the role played by Mangrove, the selection of the 'yearning' photograph, the web-view of an Underworld's electric also see and the absolute then every title of their two, side two, 'Would You Go All The Way' (my belief, can only add up to one thing. That is, as far as C.R. (= *Change's* *Revenge*) is concerned, y.e.g. L.A. (L.A. = for your fucking game is as good as mine). L.A. on that, Sachin!!

Pablo Delano

ATOM HEART MOTHER

THE PINK FLOYD (Harvest)

Has the success of their film scores for *Zabriskie Point* and *Mare* gone to the Floyd's heads? *Atom Heart Mother* is an emotionally satisfying and beautifully integrated piece which successfully evokes most of the qualities inherent in the rock group's solo-instrument combination. So successfully, in fact, that practically all of its 25 minutes could double as a score for *The Virginian* without too much fear of detection.

The ponderous, meandering title track manages to overcome a series of hackneyed changes and some wildly differing styles ranging from Wright and Gilmour's Impassioned of *Booker T* and the MG's to the John Allen Choir's excerpts from the Desert Song and even including 'Mind Your Throat Please' where the melody dissolves into absolute organ.

Lost in the overwhelming grandeur of this season's musical extravaganza, it's almost impossible to identify with what the Floyd are doing, especially remembering the raw excitement they used to generate in the days of 'Interstellar Overdrive'. In fact the score of *Atom Heart Mother* can be found on their 'Saucerful of Secrets' album, where the appearance of 'Remember a Day' and 'See Saw' was evidence of their hankering for a fuller, barker sound. In a long series of singles that never quite made it, the group gradually developed the playing melodic

style of 'It', 'The Old Sun' and 'Summer 68' which take up the second side of this album. Of their recent material, only Rick Wright's 'Synchro' has retained their original power and terrifying imagery. The remainder of the studio half of *Unsung* was given over to a series of indulgent, disinterested pieces which, unfortunately, resound as here as 'Alan's Psychoelectric Breakfast', where Alan (the group's model), wanders from one speaker to the other, mumbling about wet Corn Flakes.

Consequently, a lot of people have been calling *Atom Heart Mother* as evidence of a new maturity in the Floyd's music, meaning, I suppose, that the group don't make nearly as many errors. Certainly the Floyd sound more relaxed and together than ever before, and scoring a work as complex as *Atom Heart Mother* is a considerable achievement. But I prefer to see this album as the beginning of a new phase which has to originate in the cheerful aliveness to 'Saucerful of Secrets' and the group's 360° stereo concert. It'll be interesting to see how they follow it up.

Jim Talbot

VINTAGE VIOLENCE

JOHN CAGE (Columbia)

(only available as import)

It was an enormous spider-like object. It was patterned grey, and they wheeled it through the fence on a red steel trailer. There was the constant risk of it becoming stuck in the place where the accident was frequent. (The D.S.E. later wrote that the possibility of actual attack had never occurred to him. But he needed to understand this, generally.) There were further difficulties when the trailer reached the more or less clearly defined line that marked the beginning of the expense of those who were sitting or lying on the ground. Many of these twisted the cylinder with a probably familiar decision, as if it was a commonplace interruption. Perhaps the colour made it antipathetic. Several refused to move at first, but then some of their number, who utilised this opportunity to enjoy a moment of vicarious authority — they possessed rudimentary weapons

— succeeded in clearing a path, using more than a little brutality. Our man was conspicuous in their sister class (the D.S.E. had decided against the usual 'blacklisting' approach).

From the radio helicopter they looked like lines of beetles conducting an orderly attack on their battlefield of abandoned child car. As the central sector of the area was approached, there was a greater demonstration of interest; in fact some of the secondary defences suffered damage as the increasingly excited crowd passed rhythmically against them. Eventually the appointed place was reached, and the technicians began treating those who were seated. The counter had half a dozen outlets to provide some measure of choice — this was, after all, a gathering in the cause of self-expression. Some of those who had already received the attention of the technicians laughingly encouraged others to choose one outlet in particular: some even attempted to rejoin the queue further back, but we were prepared for this eventuality. The numbers were so set that some of the first to be treated had gone down long before others had reached the trailer. With the attendants working in shifts, the whole process had been completed in approximately two and a half hours.

While the machine was being hoisted down, the men relaxed, some sitting down on gifts to snore against. Their surroundings were immense enough — an expansive landscape of flesh and anonymous belongings, many of the latter improvised out of branches and waste materials. There were some poignant taboos — one of the first male members of the audience had brought along a small dog which was now complacently urinating against a stick to which a large orange balloon was attached. Refused and Ronnie were almost childishly happy. Slipping over tangled limbs, they had highest-placing contents, their streams arching up against the blue sky (the sun had come out) and — to their delight — splashing down into an adjacent pool of empty air. Several arms and/or mouths protruded, one of the first treated lifted his head a little — the face, as it was, covered in that rather disgusting membrane — and in an almost cordial voice began to sing.

"Glo, Glo,



won't you come out and play, girl?
Ciao, Ciao . . ."

Or maybe John Cale really meant us to sing along to these immaculate Pop tunes. "Adelaide," for instance, sounds like Donovan. "Big White Cloud" sounds like the Bee Gees. Each number starts its position right at the opening — we're swept into "Cloud" by the Sweet Vine String Ensemble, and tucked into "Adelaide" by an Anglo-accented R&B harmonica.

The production is beautiful, the pace is jolly, there's just that little Country glaze, the R&B and the timeless look-on. But it slips sideways at you, like a girl's eye in the street. After about three hearings you get maybe half the words, after six you might get most of them. The words to "Ghost Story" are:

"It was seven o'clock in the morning
too late to handle the day
at home it was only 2.30
the slide on my white burning grey.
He stood as
whispered as good luck
he changed his attitude twice
the box in the corner thivered in fright
it was tired and hungry for day.

Next year she bought a new stomach
(Liverpool — made in Detroit)
constantly peaking old matches
some wonder and indifference.

Who did Gallagher give
the same old thing every time?
Gave her

more empty cups
they were tired and hungry for sight."

And the next, before you've dropped a couple of feet into "Falmouth Friend," is equally impenetrable. But it's all explained on the back sleeve. Gallagher, it says, is a traitor. So they're all right. But by writing those words out I might have given the wrong impression — it's not at all like the Velvet Underground, although it has an approach similar to that of the third Velvet Underground, *P. B. "Good,"* for example, has a lot in common with "Achehenge." Nothing is more oblique than the half-erotic. Lurking behind the most mundane — and simultaneously the most polished — of musical styles is the most unworldly



of presence. Listen, in this context, to "Charlie-gone," the longest of the tracks, which has the bare-faced line "simple stories are the best."

In short, it's the kind of record that I think our very own Kevin Ayers would be happy to put his name to. It understands that few things are as sinister as the everyday given a great deal of menace. Like this way the Detective Sergeant says, "Good Morning," at 3 a.m.

Mal Peet

AFTER THE GOLD RUSH

NEIL YOUNG

(Reprise)

To start with Neil Young isn't trying anything flashy — he does what he knows and he does it with the perfection of a trained craftsman. In fact a lot of the material on this record draws heavily from some of the cuts on his last effort with Crazy Horse (RSLP 6048): "Only Love Can Break Your Heart" broke off "Round and Round," "Southern Man" continues the ballad riff used in "Cowgirl in the Sand" and "When You Come I Get Really Love" sees that riff yet again. Frankly this tendency towards repetition doesn't bother me a jot, mainly because Young's music, however simple, is astoundingly original and also because his spell with CSN&Y has taught him new ways of arranging and recording his songs, periodically the vocals, which give them new depth. So I can't understand why this latest album has gotten such shrilly for at least careered reviews. Neil Young is his own man and his stuff should be judged by suitable standards — this is no heavy rock-freako-acid-guitar-bashing record. Fifty thousand wonderful words of blatching feedback to obliterate every relative he makes, no sir!

And of course, as Neil Young is doing is learning and developing those very real talents that he has, and applying them both to his own awful little melodies and also other people's stuff. The best example of this, which also shows his confidence as an arranger, is perhaps "On Lonesome Me," misused as a single some time back. Yes, it's the Don Gibson song you heard on Three Way Ferry Festival as well as depending your yonkers on a drybrushstroke. But Neil Young does what should be done to a song of loneliness and longing — he makes it really sad, when before it was just as



much admiral, he takes it slowly and gives it that old queering vocal treatment that, next to his fat double chin, hairy pin-up hair, but he the truth), is his trade mark and makes it an unadorned ear yerter.

And that's just one of the contrasts on the album, there's more, of course. "Southern Man," whilst it uses the old chop-chop-chop-chop off that we've grown to know and love, is the sort of record that should've made the CSN&Y single "Ohio" the mercurial song of the hip, anti-war revolutionary parsons. "If Nixon and the B&B stepped in and did their citizenship thing, 'Til The Morning Comes" is pure hooky-rock whiney. "Birds" is a natural vehicle for the talents of a shrewd's nest.



profit's reap, namely Gene Pines, and "Only Love Can Break Your Heart" was surely written with Dusty Springfield in mind.

So all in all it's a pretty little wailing from hell & The Boys like Crazy Horse, who are a lot better than CSN&Y as far as letting Young have his mauling hand, which is cool by me. So, I'll do some fittingly fancy guitar plink! Gray Ravens doesn't displease himself at all, and why should he (it), and Mike Lullgren, the session pianist, sounds very much like Jack Nitzsche, who in turn was the unsung pianist on the last Neil Young album or any one's not Percy Flooker the West Bromwich Child Roper & Sweet Sowerflower. He may even be Jack in disguise! Mark Millars



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Just where do you stand?

- Which is the better movie -- 'Z' or Patton?
- What present would you prefer, a bottle of Scotch or a tub of margarine?
- Was Robert Kennedy a Hero misguided or a pig?
- Are short haired adults potential converts or the enemy?
- Should a movement entertain or educate?
- Should students seek a voice in their university decision making, or burn it down?
- Is it more revolutionary to kill your parents or to organize an action committee?
- Do you watch Twenty-Four Hours or News at Ten?
- Do you get all the news you need on the weather report?
- Is Johnny Cash a right winger or a people's balladeer?
- Which has more news:
 - The Mirror or the Times?
 - Private Eye or IT?
- Which has more sex? Penthouse or the News of the World?
- Do you prefer Pop or Impressionist art? TV commercials or a stimulating debate?
- Is colour TV evidence of (a) a new consciousness, (b) a sign of bourgeois decadence, (c) government infiltration, or (d) personalised dream machine?
- Would you rather read a good book or get to a movie?
- Which phrase is it better to use, NLF or Viet Cong?
- Who has more to say, John Galsworthy or Harold Robbins?
- Which is the higher form of communication, a teach-in or a smoke-in?
- Is a picture really worth a thousand words?
- Should you burn your draft card or your draft board?
- What's funnier, Laugh-in or Fanny Craddock?
- Which is more damaging to the system, belief in Communism or practising vandalism?
- In university politics, which is the more revolutionary act, killing a porter, or taking off your clothes?
- Is Spies Agnew a brilliant fascist or bombing out?
- Was the Chicago Conspiracy Trial great theatre or a legal landmark?
- Is Timothy Leary a misguided mystic or a political scapegoat?
- Where would you prefer to spend time, Trafalgar Square or Kensington Market?
- Who represents the greater threat to the power structure in England, the Kray Twins or the White Panthers?
- Who would you rather have as Prime Minister, Tariq Ali or Enoch Powell?
- Does the biggest dream always win?

34

SEIZE THE TIME



The Story of the Black Panther Party
by Bobby Seale

The beginning was in Oakland, a black ghetto suburb of San Francisco, strategically situated next door to Berkeley University, scene of the first and some of the most violent student struggles.

The story of the Black Panther party is largely the story of one man: Huey Newton. Bobby first met him when Huey, then aged about 23, was addressing a street corner meeting during the tense days of the Cuba Missile Crisis. Over the next few years Bobby gradually got to know him better and the first part of the book describes this extraordinary man and his political development.

Huey managed to become an intellectual (meaning someone who thinks hard about ideas) without ever losing contact with ordinary people. Maybe it's got something to do with retaining a faith in them. What particularly impressed Bobby, and California is so full of bullshit artists that he was right to be impressed, was the way Huey would always argue in a concrete way sticking hard to the facts. He also had the rare ability, essential to great leaders, of expressing complex ideas with a simplicity that anyone could understand. Shortly he developed a strange and mysterious reputation of being both someone for the West Coast black movement to take seriously and also a man who the brothers on the block would have to reckon with personally if they crossed him. "The bad can terrorize the community—and Huey terrorized the bad cats".

The dominating black ideology of the time, to which Huey subscribed, was cultural nationalism. They believed that the enemy was the white man and that all black men were already equal. They tended to wear African dress and learn Swahili.

Now the one thing that most people think they know about the Panthers is that they hate white people. The truth is that the Party was founded on a split from the nationalists on exactly this question. Huey knew it was racist lunacy to hate white people simply for being white. He knew that there was so great difference between a white capitalist and a black one and that the problem was not primarily race but class. He knew these things not so much from Marx but from his own experience. Just as he also knew that the brethren on the block were not going to be impressed by African gear and black history lectures. "Power for the people doesn't grow out of the sleeve of a dashiki".

The final break was over the question of guns. Malcolm X had said that black people have a right to defend themselves, Huey wanted to do just that. The proposal was put to the group they belonged to and everyone rejected it except for Bobby. So the two of them split and the Black Panther Party was launched.

"And that's how it happened, the college boys—the cultural nationalists, all the bullshit, living dudes who articulate bullshit all the time and don't ever want to get into the real practice of revolutionary struggle, the black liberation struggle in this country—Huey'd say, 'Well, later for them. We'll go to the streets.' And I'd say, 'Huey, I'm with you, brother. Let's go on and do it.' So we went on out into the streets, and that was it".

The ten point programme was drawn up and with the money they made by reselling Mao's book to Berkeley students they started to buy guns. But first "Huey studied those law books, backwards, forwards, sideways, and catty-corner, everything on gun laws. And I was right there with him, trying to study them too, run them down, and understand them." They discovered that it was legal (even for a black man) to walk the streets carrying a loaded gun and proceeded to put this discovery to the test.

The confrontations that followed are a part of our revolutionary history. One of the first and most famous was outside the Ramparts office when the Panthers were providing a guard for Malcolm X's widow. "One of the brothers had his back turned on the cops and I guess Huey saw the cops pulling the straps off the harness all of a sudden, so Huey says 'turn around! Don't turn your back on those back shooting mother-fuckers!' Just like that. We all turned around. I turned around, Little Joe turned around, Little Bobby turned around and Huey goes 'Spread' and jacks a shell off into the chamber of his gun."

It was a Western. And that was the point. It was a kind of theatre with a political lesson every black man in America could understand. If you live in a ghetto surrounded by armed white troopers any one of whom can shoot you down and think little of it, then you can get so used to living with fear, it becomes so much a part of you,



that you don't even recognise it. But when Huey stood up with a gun in his hand he stood up for every black man. When he made those swaggering racist motherfucking cops back down he walked into history by creating the heroic myth that all revolutions need. Of course, they should have shot him immediately. In most other countries (certainly this one) they would have done. He did something that millions had only ever dreamed of doing and his incredible bravery worked and he lived.

The police soon realized their mistake. They were appearing in Huey's plays instead of writing their own. They took the initiative and began a war which is still going on. Over 30 Panthers have died, mostly defending themselves against murderous attack. Some, like Fred Hampton of Chicago, were killed in their beds. Huey himself was badly wounded and spent over two years in jail. About 300 face charges at the moment.

Bobby has several charges pending including the Chicago conspiracy. Simply for insisting on his constitutional right to defend himself he was shocked and gagged. There is no horrific description of the Marshall's attempt to forcibly insert a plug of wadding into his mouth. But Judge Hoffman's success in silencing Bobby became another black Panther victory. The image of a chained black man in a court of law said more to the world about oppression is a free society than a thousand political pamphlets.

It was a disgusting scene. Defence lawyer Kasserer was so right and blazingly honest when he said in his BBC interview that what they should all have done when they gagged Bobby was to walk right out of that court room and not come back. It would have created an almost unprecedented situation but the trial could hardly have continued. By sitting there and curving on with the trial procedure they, all white men, were in a sense condoning the outrage.

But it isn't all shoot-outs and dramatic gestures. A lot of this book is concerned with the daily grind of organization, education and agitation. That's how revolutionary parties are built. Huey is out now and back in the struggle. The Party is going to have to change as it comes out of its first phase of confrontation. Other black leaders have criticised the Panthers for being too conscious of the media, too suicidal in their tactics, too short term in their objective. Huey's leadership is about to receive a severe test as the Party consolidates and builds up strength and power for the new battles ahead.

Bobby talked this book into a tape recorder and it comes off you hot and fresh, straight from the streets. But through it all, in and around the words, there is that same beautiful gentleness that distinguishes "Soul On Ice". It was there in June. Besides too. Maybe it's something to do with being a Black American. Whatever it is I hope they can hang on to it. The Second American revolution is only just beginning and already it's bloody enough. They are going to need all the beauty they can find. So read this book. It is part of the revolution and it is beautiful. Clive Goodwin.

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SERGEANT DEATH MEETS WONDER WART-HOG

SCENE 1: THE PENTAGON

WELL, DEATH, I SUPPOSE
YOU'VE WONDERING WHY YELL.
A FERE SERGEANT, HAVE BEEN
MISFORT CALLED HERE?



GENEAL, NO, I CAN ONLY
ASSURE THE SOMETHING TOO
BAND TO HANDLE THE
ORDINARY CHANNELS?

AH, IS IT TRUE? WE HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS
THROUGH OUR HQ ON JAPANESE INTELLIGENCE THAT
THE RED CHINESE HAVE DEVELOPED AN ARMY
CAPABLE OF VAPORIZING EVERY MAN,
WOMAN, AND CHILD IN AMERICA WITH A
SINGLE, TERRIFYING BLAST



THESE YELLOW
BASTARDS! HAVE
THEY NO RESPECT
FOR HUMAN
LIFE??



BUT THOSE MISSILE
MIGHT CONTACT BE
ALLOWED TO EXIST
AND MENACE OUR
DEAR NATION,
SERGEANT?

BUT BUT HOW
ELSE TO DESTROY
THESE BASTARDS
BOMBING OR
INVADE??



BUT INVASION IS
AGAINST INTERNATIONAL
LAW, CORRECT?

I'LL LEAVE THE
LEGAL HASSLE
UP TO YOUR SERGEANT
DEATH, AND THE ...



MERCILESS MAYHEM ENROLL!!

BACK AT THE BARRACKS...



WE'VE BEEN COOPED UP
FOR A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT
ANY ACTIVITY, EYE ABOUT TO
EXPLODE?

YEA, WARRIOR NO MORE
TOWN AND STOMP SHIT
OUTTA SOME QUEERS?

YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT A STRESSFUL
HOMOSEXUAL
WASTEBELL
CLATFERTY?

HOW DARE
A GAY OF
SPLIT
A FELLOW?



YOU GUYS EVER TRY
CHECKING YOUR BUD
DEVELOPMENT? IT'S AN
OLD, BEARISH SQUEAK?

I'LL ASK TO CORN SUGAR
AN TIGER??



WHY'S THIS COMING
HOMOSEXUAL
DURING THE
BARRACKS?

OF...
SURE??



WHAT KINDA GORDIAN COMPLEXES
YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES? THIS
PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A NAZI
SILENT MOVIE PAID THAN A NAZI
CORPS BARRACKS!!



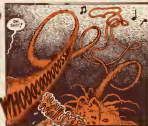
ATTEN HUT!

SPRONG!



THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO CLEAN UP A PLACE
THAT'S THIS FILTHY!





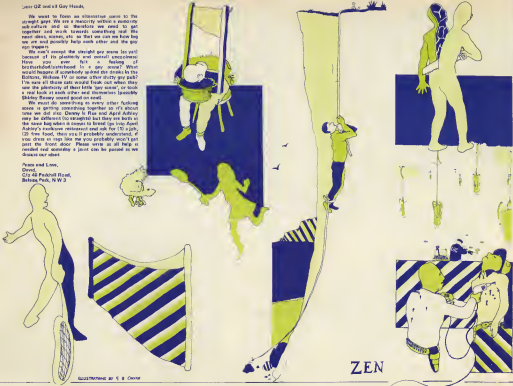


We want to form an alternative scene to the straight guys. We are a minority within a minority subculture and so therefore we need to get together and work towards something real. We need ideas, money, etc. so that we can see how big we are and possibly help each other and the gay community.

We can't accept the straight gay scene too yet because of its plurality and overall emptiness. How can you ever feel a feeling of brotherhood/love/love in a gay scene? What would happen if somebody asked the drunks in the Belmont, Wilkes IV or some other shitty gay pub? I'm sure all these cats would freak out when they see the plurality of their little 'gay scene', or took a real look at each other and themselves (probably Shitkey Denny would goad on well).

We must do something as every other fucking scene is getting something together so it's about time we do it too. Denny is fine and April Ashley may be different (so straight) but they are both in the same bag when it comes to being gay. April Ashley's exclusive rehearsal and ask for \$10 a job, 120 free food, then so it's probably understood, if you dress in rags like me you probably won't get past the front door. Please write as all help is needed and somebody's joint can be passed as we discuss our ideas.

Peace and Love,
David,
C/O 44 Peckham Road,
Belton Park, NW 3



Local Jew Boy Makes Good



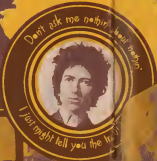
New Morning is a breath of clean air in a darkly polluted musical environment. With the swelling sound being the grinning urban paragon of the Rock Bottom/My Back Backers, we meet all the fresh country again again we can find. This album is full of them. But Dylan speaks to us here in what sounds closer to his true voice than anything we have heard since John Wesley Harding. He has forgotten the Rules and the almost where he left all behind, these last two days. Musically, the impact comes from Al Kooper's Easy Does It band, who act as rhythm section throughout. The frequent comparisons of New Morning with Blonde or Blood are probably caused by the return of Kooper's keyboard roving, swirling notes to Dylan's record.

This album represents a coming together of all the music that Dylan has played over the last eight years. All that's previous light and voices have been captured and fixed together to produce an image, just a little reminiscent of the old and the new. The vocal line immediately springs to mind is "nothing." — Dylan's back on the land, making those country roads without asking the help of Roy Orbison. It's a blend of the old and the new, and now with a new sound. Through the New Morning's words, there is a new and old story.

For the first time, the material is subordinate to the music. Certainly there are no classic songs here — no Mr. Tambourine Man, no Like a Rolling Stone — though there are enough of Dylan's surrealist images back to keep Alice Cooper from boring the hell out of anyone for the next six months. Also for the first time, the music on this album sounds as though it is the product of a group — a blowing, playing band, then all a soloist with a bunch of session dudes. It's that right and unified, and that loose and free.



Dylan's voice is rougher than it has been on any of the post-recent records, and it's also deeper in pitch than ever before. The intonation is pure Robert Zimmerman, and not even Cash, and he's in tune all the way, though without that irritating fuckle smoothness. The youthful



freshness of his first three albums here finds its equivalent in the kind of relaxed, low-key, old-school sound that you find in the old blues singers. Sort of like a country Albert King.

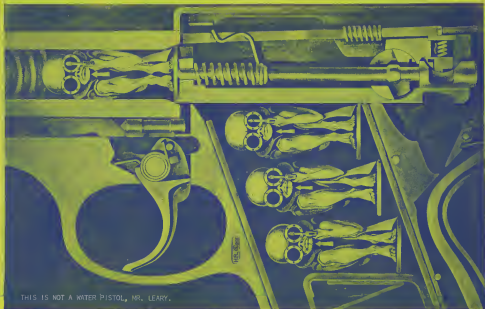
The instrumental progression is really due to the discarding of that shape of Nashville new horns who've backed him for the last three years and their replacement by a group of tough cats who know how to take care of business in the city, but who can also bring it back home after hours. Kooper, as well as producing that superbly swinging organ sound, wrote piano duets with Dylan, and so if that wasn't enough, helped Bob Johnson out with the arranging, production and mixing. Harvey Brooks from the Electric Flag and Super Session and Billy Mundy from the Mothers and Rhinoceros, both from Kooper's Easy Does It band, are undoubtedly funny on bass and drums. Part of the early dawn freshness comes from Dave Bromberg's acoustic lead guitar. For some reason, the sound of single strings licks on an acoustic line calls forth a totally different set of responses from the same sequence played electrically. Bromberg will be remembered as the country/blues guitarist who got about ten encores on the Woodstock at the Isle of Wight this year. When electric lead guitar is used, it's played by Paul Butterfield's guitarist Butzy Peterson or Nashville Skyline/Blonde on Blonde guitarist Charlie Daniels, who also worked on Kooper's first two solo albums.

But perhaps the greatest instrumental surprise on the album is Bob's own piano playing. It's known as just as my own. Kooper describes him as "the first piano player in the world" and in a curious way, that's right. He's actually come a long way since he hammered out "Black Crow Blues" on Avenue B six years ago. It's a joyous thing to hear Kooper's rhythm, Hammond floating over Dylan's rolling and tumbling piano, particularly on "It's a New Morning", and on a virtual solo piece, the hymn "Father of Niles", which is just piano, voice and gospel choir. It is an entirely subtle of gospel music, a Jewish, more and a Christian. It's a beautiful, beautiful melody, and it's probably the best short track ever recorded, even outstripping John Lennon's "Wonderful Christmastime".

This album was especially good. It gives the impression of being almost a force of nature. It is more than the music of the people — it is the music of the people. It is the voice of a Jewish cowboy poet, and it's the most beautiful music I've ever heard. The acid periods of "Savior of a Thin Man" and "All Along the Watchtower" has withered away because "It's a New Morning" is, and will be, the only, the one. There will be no more, at all.

William S. Burroughs, Phil Dylan
Charles Oscar Murray





THIS IS NOT A WATER PISTOL, MR. LEARY.

COLOSSEUM

DAUGHTER OF TIME

**GET
THIS
ALBUM!**

The other
incredible LPs were

**Those who are
about to die...**

VG1L 1610

and
Valentyne Suite
VO1



VERTIGO

The sight
and sound
of contemporary
music

A Philips Records product



CHUNGA'S REVENGE



WIMARKS

A Eggy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner dances about a mysterious night time camp fire. Festoons. Dozens of imported castanets, clutched by the horrible suction of its heavy duty hose, waving with marginal erotic abandon in the midnight autumn air.



DREGS

SLINAY

SCANS

DARWINATION

EDITS